A

# Pindarick-Poem

UPON HIS

# Most Sacred Majestie's

LATE

## GRACIOUS INDULGENCE,

In Granting a Toleration, and Liberty of Conſcience in Matters of

## RELIGION.

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Virgil,

*O Melibœe ; Deus nobis hæc otia fecit.*

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MUX

# The Preface.

THE *Occaſion of this* Poem *has been a Subject ſufficiently bandied about by all parties; not an uſeleſs* Pen *in* Town *but has conſumed both* Ink *and* Paper *in the* Defence *or* Oppoſition *of it: which makes it not at all ſtrange, that a* Poet *ſhould be concerned in a matter ſo vulgarly canvas'd, ſince* Cuſtome *looks upon ſuch to be (as really they are) the greateſt* Buſibodies *of the* Nation. *And ſince it is a* Cauſe *that has deſerved all* Men's *aſſiſtance in its* Defence; *I know not why it may not merit a* Poet's Talent *in its* Praiſe. *For that which will admit an* Argument *to* Maintain *it, may juſtly allow a* Commendation *to* Illuſtrate *it. And if for the ſupport of a bad* Cauſe *they are allowed to bring* Arguments, *there is little reaſon why a good One ſhould be barr'd of its glory:* For *what has gain'd the advantage in* Proſe, *may juſtly claim its deſerts in* Verſe. *If* renſon *and equity will prevail, there is the leſs to ſay; If not, 'tis to no purpoſe to ſpeak. Its excuſe is already*

 *pleaded*

*pleaded, and we commit its Defence to thoſe who have written of this Subject.*

*For the* Poem *it ſelf, as there is no extraordinary matter in it, ſo nothing more than ordinary ought to be expected in its behalf. The* Stile *(we ſuppoſe) is grave, ſuitable to the Deſign; and if there be extravagancy in it, let it go for an excurſion of wit, if you pleaſe, if 'twill not bear the force of a Subſidiary Argument. The inequality of the verſe can be no prejudice with thoſe who underſtand* Poetry; *and as for the Ignorant, the Author thinks he has no need to give Bail, that every Paſſage ſhall anſwer their ſtrict Rules, and comply with their Humour. If any thing may ſeem to over-laſh, he is willing to believe he may juſtifie himſelf by the liberty of the beſt* Authors *who have wrote in this kind, and till the Exceptions are made, he ſhall forbear any further Vindication.*

A

# Pindarick Poem

## Upon his Moſt Sacred, &c.

I.

WHAT *Saint*, what *Angel* wilt thou Sing,
What *Mortal God*, my *Muſe*, to equal
[ Glories bring?
Swift with the *wings* of nimble *Fancy* fly
Thorow the wide unbounded Sky,
And meet the nobleſt Monarch on his way,
That th' *Engliſh* Scepter e're did ſway:
He's now returning from the conquer'd *Weſt*,
From trave'ling Countries to reform the State.
Toyls and Cares have long oppreſt
Our watchful Prince's anxious Breaſt.
Strange are the means propos'd by Fate
To make a Nation in its Monarch great:
The People ſlumber, and in peaceful eaſe,
Flowing with Plenty and Delight,
Plenty by Day, and Charms by Night,
With calmeſt thoughts their quiet Souls do pleaſe:
Whil'ſt our Great Monarch ( to whoſe care
Kingdoms and Laws committed are )
With watchful eyes and thoughts profound,
Next under *Providence*, does guard our Land around.
And yet with trembling horrour we have ſeen
Some with Ambition fir'd, or mov'd with ſpleen,
whil'ſt

Whil'ſt our *Heſperian* Dragon he,
With unclos'd eyes guarded our Lives and Liberty,
Like the bold *Argonants* of *Greece*,
Attempt to ſlay the Dragon, and enjoy the Fleece

II.

Whatever be the real cauſe of Warrs,
Of our Rebellions and inteſtine Jarrs,
Religion ſtill is the pretence :
This ſpecious Name
Kindles and blows the threatning flame,
Which up and down [ like *Fire-Balls*] hurl'd,
Breaks out in diſtant places, and in flames the World.
*Popery's* marching in ; Arm, Arm :
'Tis overcaſt, there needs muſt be a Storm :
Let us not tamely die,
Nor yet ignobly fly.
Theſe ſounds do all the long-ear'd Mobile alarm,
This voice the active Rebels ſtrait does charm.
Hence flow diſordered Riots, hence
Of *Chriſtian* Blood the vaſt expence.
Unhappy Nation, that in thee
Religion ſhou'd prove the deadly cauſe
Of raiſing Factions, violating Laws
With popular and loud applauſe :
Alas that *Chriſtianity*
Should ſeldom in our Iſle agree
To dwell with *Chriſtian* Love and Charity ;
With our own Arms the Prince of Hell does ſlay,

And

And with a conquering hand
Captivates our wretched Land:
And when he's pleas'd with mortal Lives to play,
And with a word great Hosts by mutual wounds destroy,
He sends a Ghostly Fury out
To scatter Fears and Jealousies about;
Who with her snaky Locks, and Torch in hand,
Runs howling through our Land:
Now your Religion does on tip-toe stand;
Help, my brave *English* Souls, assist the falling Maid.
The word's no sooner said,
But the mad Nation with a *Feaver* burns,
And all things into noise and raging Tempest turns.

III.

But now no more shall that ill-boding sound,
Which us'd to scatter Jealousies around,
Our happy Isle confound.
No more shall the pretext of partial Laws,
Fram'd to uphold a single Cause,
Engross the publick Priviledge and Right,
In which all have an equal share,
And all alike concerned are
To make their Native and Inherent Title clear.
The interposing hedges now are waste;
Now all the luscious Honey taste:
Lo! their enlivened Spirits rise,
And dart new vigour thro' their eyes:
The free and open day we see at last,
And the whole Isle's become but one inclosed Paradise.

No

No more thoſe direful Sounds we hear,
The vaniſh'd Fantoms now no more appear ;
No more we're frightned with their Spells,
Their naſty horns are ſhrunk into their ſhells.
No more they dare appear in ſight :
To their deteſted Beds
They ſilently withdraw their heads,
Like Birds obſcene, they fly before the conquering light.

IV.

In all the Realms that conſtituted be
By the Eternal Word, Divine Decree,
None is more Great, more Abſolute and Free
Than the old *Engliſh* Monarchy.
Tyrants may uſe more Power, but none by *Heaven*
More large and unconfin'd to any Prince is given.
To Laws he does ſubmit ; but Laws in vain may ſtrive
And grapple with his great Prerogative,
If he the force of's Royal Power would ſhow,
And like *Apollo*, draw his ſilver Bow,
Which never, never will he draw,
For he has ſpake the word, a word that's firmer than a Law.
Great is a *Britiſh* Prince, and *James* as great
( Tho' we the Chronicles ſhould rowl )
To find a Monarch of a braver Soul )
As any Prince that ever Rul'd the State.
Great as he is, yet does he not preſume
To rule the Conſcience, force the mind,
That heavenly Spark that's ever unconfin'd.
This is a power ſupream, which God alone
Reſerves to his Almighty Throne. Not

Not God himſelf does forcibly compel,
Nor with ſtrong violence reduce the will,
But with his gentle Spirit does influence
And ſoftly glide into our yielding ſenſe :
Does not ( as once of old ) deſcend
In Fire and ruſtling Winds, to gain his end ;
But like a gentle Dove does always come,
A welcome Gheſt, perſwading Friend,
And in our Body's Temple finds a Room.

V.

Go bid the Poles, my Muſe, together meet,
Bid Eaſt and Weſt each other greet,
Command the Stars from their fixt Orbs to fly,
Bid the dull Earth aſcend and kiſs the Sky ;
As ſoon you may the Courſe of Nature change
As force the mind from ſteady Faith to range ;
Force may provoke a tim'rous Soul to ſin :
Preſt, ſhe may own that black is white,
And play the juggling Hypocrite :
But ( prithee ) waſh the *Æthiop's* Skin,
Rather than ſtrive a free aſſent to gain
By dint of Cudgel-Arguments, and Syllogiſms of pain.
That Church that labours to compell the Will,
Our Breaſts with ſudden Jealouſies does fill,
That 'tis a deſperate and tottering Cauſe,
Whoſe Baſis is not Reaſon, but the Penal Laws.
The man that labours to perſwade,
Does not the Body with rough force invade,

But in ſoft Rhetorick does wind
Himſelf into the Mind.
Since Faith is free, the *Turk* as well may hope
By his falſe Reaſons to convert the *Pope*,
As our miſtaken Land expect to ſee
An univerſal Unity
Eſtabliſh'd by the breach of Peace and Charity.

VI.

When firſt our Mighty Prince began to ſway
The *Britiſh* Scepter, and diſpence
O're all his Realm a warm and gentle Influence,
Thus to the *Engliſh* Church was heard to ſay:
Pardon, moſt Loyal Maid (for thou art ſhe
Didſt always pray and fight for Monarchy,
Stood'ſt firm when 'twas a Crime to own
Any branch o'th' *Engliſh* Throne)
Pardon (for 'tis no Life to live in pain)
If I free Liberty do give,
That all Religions may live;
Let others live, and thou alone ſhalt Reign:
Since Heaven doth cauſe his rain to fall,
And Sun to ſhine alike on all,
And does to me this God-like favour ſhow
To be his Repreſentative below,
Why ſhou'd you thus unjuſtly ſtrive
To intercept alone this influence of mine?
Wou'd it not juſtly (think you?) move
My Anger, and convert your Love

Into

Into the higheſt flames of rage,
If in this looſe unquiet Age
Any ſhou'd vouch himſelf to be
The rightful Monarch to this Realm but me?
And can you think that Heaven won't
Reſent the unparal'd affront,
Shou'd he me like an Adverſary find,
Dethroning his Vicegerent of the Mind?

VII.

Illuſtrious Prince! what wonders haſt thou done
By this one ſingle *Act* alone?
What various Natures doſt thou joyn?
How ſweetly do they all combine?
How many different Stars in different luſtres ſhine,
Adorning this bright Sphere of thine?
As various Inſtruments do all conſpire,
Grave *Organs* with the warbling *Lute*,
*Viols* with *Cornets*, and the *Flute*,
To joyn in one harmonious Quire:
So we at length, Great *James*, compos'd by thee,
Like different Notes agree
To make up one melodious Harmony.
Thus when the great Dictatour had in vain
Aſſay'd to cultivate a ſtubborn Land,
And much expence of time and blood had ſpent,
And many dangers underwent,
To make the reſtleſs people underſtand
The mighty bleſſings which they might obtain
Beneath the ſhadow of his pow'rful Reign: At

At length the kind *Auguſtus* came,
And gently diſſipates the flame:
With a ſoft touch compos'd affairs of State,
Diſſolv'd the curs'd *Triumvirate*;
Wild *Anthony*'s rebellious pow'rs o'recome,
And fixt a laſting peace in *Rome*;
To a ſweet calm reduc'd the quiet Earth,
Fit for the Prince of Peace his glorious birth.
If there be any that repine
At this exceſſive Grant of thine,
Let them before thy *Juſtice* fall,
And grace thy Triumphs with their Funeral.
Thy goodneſs is almoſt too great for to be prais'd,
Thy glory on magnifick Pillars rais'd
On its own Center firmly ſtands,
And needs not the *Aſſiſtance* of our hands:
Enlightned with its own increaſing rays,
Conſpicuouſly around it ſelf diſplays:
The gawdy *luſtre* does amaze,
And with an overwhelming light
Exhauſts and drowns the beams of our unable ſight.

*FINIS.*

1920*